

Effortlessly Cool by franlccastle

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Summary: (STEVE x HOPPER!OC) On the Halloween of 1984, Ginny finds that her weekend stay has overextended into a week-long fight against the creatures that lurk in the shadows of Hawkins. Between establishing a relationship with her new sister and having to monster hunt with a boy she doesn't even like Ginny has never had a closer bond with her father than in the moments of near-death.

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'STARRING NANCY 'THE SLUT' WHEELER' WAS SPRAY-PAINTED BRIGHT RED ON THE HAWK'S MARQUEE WHEN GINNY STROLLED UP. Her hands were balled into the pockets of her jacket and a delicate shade of pink snapped from the bubblegum she was chewing. Turning on her heel from the theater, she moved to the alley on its side. The idiot, whoever they were, continued to shake the evidence, the ball clinking against the metal can.

Ginny could feel her blood boil hot through her veins as her steps quickened but stayed steady. That familiar tension in her muscles that reminded her of her dad. The same white anger he had when talking politics or catching dumbass kids smoking pot behind the school.

Ginny knew she was a carbon-copy of her father at times, but the neutrality of her expression was something she had been able to mimic from her mother. Whereas her father exploded, she stalled and held quiet anger between the lines in her clenched fists, her tight lips and the steady glare she held on people.

When Ginny reached the alley, she found not just one asshole, but a whole gaggle of them as three stood together and watched the forth continue to vandalize the town. If Ginny was in town more often, she would probably know each of them by name and an extensive reputation. As she lived and went to school in Chicago, she knew nothing about any of them.

Besides the fact, they were complete and utter dumbfucks.

Now, she stood close to the group, but far away enough that they hadn't registered her standing there.

They were taking their sweet time to notice her, she noticed, as she dragged one neatly manicured hand out of its blue jean pocket and checked the time on her watch.

The whine of the spray can halted suddenly at the end of *bitch*, and the gaggle turned to stare at her. Ginny returned her sight on them,

raising one thin eyebrow at teens, popped another bubble and returned her hand to her pocket. She stood with her back arched and expectant as she waited for one of them to say something.

None of them moved, eyes glossy and staring at her as if she were Michael Meyers.

"Wanna tell me why you're slut-shaming people?" Ginny asked coolly, her words smooth like the October breeze, infesting their skin with goosebumps. "Or have the fumes already gotten to your head?"

Ginny's words were condescending, but her tone stayed crisp as she cocked her head to the side, waiting.

It seemed that the fumes had gotten to them as they were slow to respond, and once they did, they all collectively turned to each other before one of them stepped up. He had dark brown eyes and a gait that emphasized popularity. His hair was precisely slicked back in a douchey way and Ginny couldn't help her eyes from focusing on the one curl that dipped down and kissed his forehead. She wondered if it took a lot of effort to get that Superman curl just right.

"Am I supposed to know who you are?" the boy asked with a laugh, his cool facade radiating from him. A cool he wanted but was quickly broken when challenged by others. Especially with the queen of cool herself in his presence.

"No," she assured him, furrowing her brows. "I'm just a local who would rather bust your chops for being a dick then go see a movie. It's not cool to be a dick, Hairspray. Lesson number one."

Hairspray stared at Ginny his hackles tense and his eyes turning from a collected to annoyance to full-blown irritation.

Ginny spat her gum out to the side of them, her gaze leaving Hairspray's without hesitation then pulled a cigarette from her pocket. "I'm trying to quit," she explained, lighting the bud and steadying her gaze back on him.

"This doesn't concern you," Hairspray told her, trying to make himself bigger and intimidating as a pufferfish would.

"Oh!" the red-haired girl from behind Hairspray cooed. "Hey there, princess!"

Ginny looked behind her to the soft-featured girl storming her way towards them. Her fists were clenched and her eyes narrowed in an attempt to keep herself from crying as her eyes focused on Hairspray.

"I'm gonna guess this concerns her," Ginny noticed, whipping herself around to look back at Hairspray. "So, yes, this does concern me," she concluded with an unamused laugh.

Nancy Wheeler had her sights set on one thing, and one thing only, and that was the boy standing only inches away from Ginny. Ginny stepped out of Nancy's way as she pushed through like a bull and before any words were exchanged, Nancy had slapped him across the cheek. The teens on the sidelines crowed in amusement at Nancy's sudden action.

"What is *wrong* with you, Steve?" Nancy asked him.

"What's wrong with *me*? What's wrong with *you*? I was worried about you," Steve turned on her, his voice hinting at patronizing and Ginny could feel he was trying too hard to be emotionless. "I can't believe I was actually worried about you," he laughed, trying to distance himself but something in the way he was doing it showed his heart on his sleeve.

"What are you talking about?" Nancy asked, her spine straightening out as she glared at Steve.

Ginny turned to the entrance as another boy walked in after Nancy, lanky and timid as he stood behind Nancy but didn't say a word as the gaggle goaded the two of them. From the goading, Ginny was able to collect Steve's side of the story. He had stumbled across Nancy with the timid boy in her bedroom while she was (is?) dating Steve.

Now, Steve slut-shaming Nancy without even talking to her was bullshit, and he should've known it. He even tried to pry out why Nancy had the timid boy in her room in the first place surrounded by his friends. Nancy was silent, feeling their judgemental eyes on her and was silenced by them.

"Back off, Steve whoever you are," Ginny approached Steve, knocking her fist into his chest lightly to get him to back up.

At the same time, the timid boy approached Nancy and said softly, "Come on, Nancy. Let's just leave."

Steve hadn't been paying attention to Ginny as his temper flared and stupid mistakes would haunt them for years to come. Steve pushed Ginny out of his way, flat ass on the ground, as he strutted down the alley.

Steve continued to call him Byers, Byers, Byers as if the name was derogatory but Ginny knew the name as Joyce Byers. The one her father had told her had gone downhill since her youngest son went missing. Ginny couldn't blame her, but for her oldest son, it must've been hard. He was missing something that had been apart of his life for a long time and his mother had gone a little bit insane unable to focus on her eldest to ensure he was doing okay between everything.

"Hey, Steve, stop it," Ginny told Steve sternly, back on her feet and pushing her way back to forcing Steve to back up. He kept on moving though, pushing Ginny backward with him, his eyes trained on Byers trying to spark a reaction out of him.

"You know what, Byers, I'm kind of impressed. I always took you for a queer—"

"Stop it, man," Ginny stated, able to push him two steps back but he was already pushing her three steps forward. It was like all he could see was Jonathan and red as he picked and prodded at every sore wound the timid boy had.

"A screw up like your father. Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. I mean, there's a ton of screw-ups in your family. Your mom. I'm not even surprised with what happened to your brother."

Everyone was waiting for Jonathan to crack, pull the first punch or maybe, even, just start crying in front of them. What they didn't expect was for the new girl that no one knew, with glossy tears running down her cheeks like thin sheets of tape give Steve a good punch to his cheek knocking him back onto his ass.

"Holy CRAP!" he screamed, holding his cheek staring at Ginny standing over him breathing heavily as she stood over him, her head blocking out the sun just perfectly to create a halo around her head.

In a second, she disappeared. The red-haired girl had run the distance between them and tackled Ginny to the ground. The two had started in for a fight and as Byers moved to try and separate the girls, Steve was still *talking*.

"I'm sorry I have to be the one to tell you this, but the Byers' entire family is a disgrace and even this bitch won't hel—"

The sound was so precise and perfect that it felt like it had happened to her. The residual crack at Steve's jaw landed by Byers' bony knuckles without a second thought. The alley had become a fight club as the girls and boys fought each other with different fervors in every punch. The two boys left on Steve's side were chanting and hollering in excitement over the fights they were getting to witness, especially the girl's.

Soon, the faint sirens crept around the corner and into the alley as Callahan and Powell speed in to stop the fight. Callahan was pulling Byers off Steve getting knocked in the face. The red haired girl was pulled off by one of the boys and dragged out of the alley to get out of the spotlight of the cops.

Powell had Byers in custody while Steve and his cool guy gang sped off. Callahan tried to hustle after them but they were quick.

"Hey, hey, hey," Callahan said softly, squatting in front of Ginny and getting too close for comfort. His big head and dorky mustache were swimming into her vision and he took his flashlight flinging it between her dilating pupils. "You okay?"

Ginny shook her head slowly, lifting her hand to wipe the bleeding cut on her lip.

"No," she muttered, even as she sat there on the ground her head leaning against the brick of the Hawk, her legs sprawled out in front of her and a fresh cigarette edging closer to falling off her lip, Ginny was still shockingly cool. "What idiots," she muttered, before passing

out.

AUTHOR'S NOTE ! hello, and welcome to effortlessly cool featuring the queen of cool herself, ginny. so, a few notes that i feel like you should be informed about while this book sits (hopefully) in your library until the next update.

i'm in school and have two jobs (please kill me) and have friends i must give attention to so i'm quite busy, and at times overwhelmed. this book won't (for now) be on a strict scheduled to updated. maybe i'll be able to update every week but that's unlikely. hopefully, i can get a couple chapters up in the next month or so.

this book will be paired with yellow curtains, so kyle and ginny exist in the same universe but aren't really in each other's lives yet.

also please follow me on tumblr (.com) and twitter _peachpick for updates, graphics and other cool stuff!

thank you guys for everything! i hope you enjoy this book as much as i am excited for writing it. i look forward to sharing this book for you and reacting to all of your comments that you may leave me.